

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

Lake Michigan and Oregon Railroad—Atlan-
tic and Pacific Canal, (south of Vera Cruz.)

Mr. Whitney's Lecture—His Chart, Railroad, and the
Ways and Means—Would increase Commerce—Whit-
ney and the Nationals—Pole's Better Course—Skin Ca-
nards—The Return of Tscheteppe—New York to
Canada—100 miles—Converting our Men-Killers into
Canal-Diggers.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Mr. Whitney, of whom many have heard so much in connection with the project of a Railroad across this Continent, lectured at the Capitol, before the Legislature and the public, last night; his discourse was brief, but interesting and full of striking and remarkable facts, and he received, as he deserved, the greatest possible attention, and a vote of thanks at the close.

On the wall behind him was a sort of chart exhibiting this world of ours from the British Isles to China, and his road, commencing somewhere near Milwaukee in Wisconsin, crossing the Rocky Mountains, then branching off to the splendid harbor of San Francisco in California, southerly, and to the mouth of the Columbia, westerly.

Mr. Whitney is a dark complexioned, stout, and good looking man, very little the worse of the wear—his hair is plain, pointed, unadorned and business-like—and he sticks to his text, the 2,400 mile Railroad, the cost of which, after having traveled through the Western wilderness, he estimates at 70 millions of dollars—the roadmaking alone at 20,000 dollars per mile, &c., and for the ways and means, he would take the country 30 miles on each side, or 2,400 by 60 = 144,000 square miles, equal to about 100,000,000 acres, to be made over water power, mines, metals, minerals, &c.

He thought that the road could be built by the end of the year, and the settlement of the last few months of which he had been occupied with—there was abundant coal all the way to the Rocky Mountains and beyond—no scarcity of water—and that route was, in his view, the most direct for securing the commerce of Asia. The Railroad and commerce would also aid the cause of religion, and illumine the [doubtless] path of the human race.

He quoted a special committee of Congress where they say that a road like this would bind indissolubly together, under one government, America beyond with which no other horserace becomes distant nations and dangerous rivals.

The National Reforers, at the Tabernacle, did like it, and voted it a success—but I do not understand him—he sees no way to carry out the work, but by selling land, the farms disposed of with the magnitude and feasibility of the undertaking. It appears to me that had Mr. F. A. P. taken the lead in this, he would have had a greater success. Mr. W. would, no doubt, be a fit agent, but I should dislike to see land, equal to twice the size of this State, vested in any private company. If done so, the Railroads are a necessary concomitant, and the means of connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic, as Clinton's Canal has united the latter with the great Lakes.

On looking at Mr. Whitney's chart or plan, the poster (South of Vera Cruz) seemed to me to be quite straight—and it has been often asserted that that is the most favorable course for a ship canal to take, by which to unite the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, but with 150 miles more distance than the one in Oregon, or steam, and New Orleans as near as 13, or perhaps 12. With such a Canal, it is asserted that Canton in China would be reached from New-York or Philadelphia in 40 days, and double that time if impeded with, and the distance to the East deprived of its peril, while the distance would be diminished one-half.

England executed the Welland Canal, and the U.S. frontier shipping reap the advantage thereof; but the map, however, beyond Vera Cruz, is not given, and I am afraid will be given, with very little information. It may be taken out in Canal-digging, the cleverest fellows acting forward. The whole thing looks suspiciously, as respects Europe, but the weather in that quarter is possibly clear up.

Alday, May 1, 1847.

ROGER SHERMAN.

Ireland's sufferings.

An Irish Presbyterian Minister writes from Ulster to the Edinburgh Witness.

"Wearied and worn out every day's visiting among the sick, I cannot go to rest without asking you to allow me to state in your paper the following cases which I have this day seen in one district of our congregation:

"The friends of a family who once were able to relate others, and of whom all bear testimony that they never sent the bairn empty away. Hardship is now crushing them down. One daughter is dying. Her mother has the heart-broken look of one in despair. Yet till late hour, no member of this family seems to have made known their wants or the extent of their strangers."

"In another house close at hand I found the family of the family weeping. The change in their countenance, since I had last seen them, was remarkable. He was like a spirit of a living man. His wife sat most hopeless, looking, dropping bitter tears over the sick infant in her arms. When had you anything to eat? I asked. A neighbor woman brought us a tumbler of milk yesterday morning—we have had nothing to eat. What can my boy live on?"

"In the next house I found the father, whom I knew to be a hard-working industrious man, lying on straw on the damp floor, with a feverish fit. His wife had had a fit, but he had recovered.

"A few feet farther on I entered a miserable hut, with a number of children huddled together over the warm ashes on the hearthstone. They could scarcely speak to me from weakness, brought on by want of food."

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